

## IN SHADES OF NIGHT.

MEMORABLE OCCASIONS IN CONGRESS  
"TWIXT DUSK AND DAWN."Things Done in Darkness That Would Not  
Be Done by Daylight—A Critical Episode.  
The Bill That Was Talked to Death—A  
Look Backward.

[Special Correspondence.]  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—Night sessions in congress are always interesting and sometimes exciting. Last week's sessions in the senate proved no exception to the rule. The telegraphic dispatches have already told you of the tension, the excitement, the anxiety, the expectancy of great things which might happen at any moment, the hustling for a quorum, the frequent visits of senators to the restaurant down stairs, the yawning, the lack of dignity, the air of grim determination worn by the silver minority, the clouds of tobacco smoke issuing from the cloakrooms' doors, the scenes in committee rooms, where grave and reverend senators stretched out in the embrace of slumber with their collars and neckties loosened and their boots off, and all the incidents and occurrences of that memorable occasion.

**A Night of Disgrace.**  
Fortunately there was little intoxication. Two or three senators were visibly under the influence of strong drink, but no one disgraced himself. It has been otherwise on other similar occasions. There is something about the night session which stirs up the passions and the worse sides of public men. Just as in private life will do things under cover of darkness that they would never think of doing in daylight, so the night sessions of congress produce a relaxation of dignity and even a moral surpland which could never occur in the ordinary day sessions.

During the exciting struggle over the force bill 8½ years ago I remember seeing a number of senators asleep in their chairs in full view of the senate and the occupants of the galleries. I remember seeing one senator lean from the floor by a friend who had forced himself past the doorkeepers, and who escorted the senator in a state of semi-consciousness to a room in the rear of the chamber to a secure retreat. I remember witnessing a painful scene in the marble room, when a fearful wife endeavored to induce her recalcitrant lord to enter a carriage which she had waiting near by, her hope being to save his reputation from damage, during the small hours of the morning, when he was indulging in altogether too many small bottles for his own good.

**A Historical Night.**  
Some of the night sessions of the senate and house have been history making occasions. It was a night session which demonstrated to the Republican majority of the senate that it was unable to pass the so-called force bill, and when their quorum failed and they could make no progress against the obstruction on the other side of the chamber they concluded finally to give up the battle.

Efforts to pass laws concerning federal management of elections have before this resulted in critical moments and bitter struggles in congress. The late Samuel J. Randall made the beginning of his great reputation many years ago in filibustering against what is now known as the force bill—a measure which proposed to place troops at the polls in the south. The majority of the house favored the bill. Opposed to them were the Democrats under the lead of Randall and a few Republicans, conspicuous among whom were three men who afterward attained great celebrity. These were Garfield, Blaine and Charles Foster.

The friends of the bill were under the leadership of General Benjamin F. Butler. It was indeed a climax in which Greek was pitted against Greek, and the fighting became fast and furious. Mr. Randall was the acknowledged leader of the opposition. For three days and three nights he sat in the house, directing his forces and persistently breaking the quorum. There were many exciting scenes, and Mr. Randall, at that time comparatively a new man in congress, displayed those qualities of leadership which afterward made him famous. At the end of the 60 hour session General Butler for the first time in his life retired from the battlefield worn out, baffled and beaten. In this struggle Mr. Blaine, though occupying the chair as speaker, gave Mr. Randall much assistance and earned for himself the friendship and admiration of many southern people, which continued till the day of his death.

**A Night of Passion.**  
Mr. Randall was the chief actor in one of the most critical episodes in the history of congress. It was on the morning of Friday, March 2, 1877. The house was in a deadlock because Democrats were filibustering and trying to defeat the counting in of Hayes as president, in pursuance of the decision of the electoral commission. The deadlock was finally broken at 4 o'clock in the morning, after a night of passion, storm and danger unexampled in the history of congress. It was broken by the courage of Speaker Randall, who absolutely declined to entertain any further dilatory motions and instructed the clerk to inform the senate that the house was ready to proceed with the count.

It was well for the peace of the country that a man of Mr. Randall's nerve and determination occupied the chair at that critical moment. Only 48 hours remained of President Grant's term. Mr. Hayes was in Ohio, and many Democrats had determined to prevent the formalities of counting the vote which should declare Hayes to be elected. Mr. Randall finally cut the Gordian knot by refusing to recognize a member who had risen for the purpose of making a filibustering motion. The member asked an appeal, but Speaker Randall decided that recognition was a matter entirely within the jurisdiction of the chair and was not appealable. This decision broke the backbone of the deadlock, and within an hour Hayes was declared to have received a majority of the electoral votes cast.

**A Memorable Night.**  
There were some exciting night sessions during the close of the Forty-sixth congress. The contention was over an item in a military appropriation bill providing for troops at the polls, and the opposition was led by Mr. Springer of Illinois. Five or six days and parts of nights were consumed in filibustering, and the fight was kept up till the hands of the clock in the house showed that the hour of 12, March 4, had arrived. The clerk was then in the middle of a roll call, and the congress expired while the filibusterers were still in possession of the hall. An extraordinary session of congress convened in two weeks, but the opposition was renewed with such vigor that it was the middle of June before a compromise was reached. In this deadlock Congressman (afterward President) Garfield took a prominent part.

**A Night of Tragedy.**  
In the Forty-seventh congress there was another bitter struggle, with many exciting night sessions. The house had passed a bill reducing the tax on tobacco, and upon this bill the senate had tacked a complete tariff bill. When it came back to the house thus amended, the late S. S. Cox, Mr. Springer and others deliberately proceeded to talk it to death. They kept up their warfare for some weeks, and finally,

when only one-third of the bill had been considered, and the Republicans saw that it would take at least two years to get through the whole bill at the rate of progress then being made, they temporarily surrendered. Later Speaker Kettle made some arbitrary rulings which permitted the Republicans to pass the bill. The struggle ended in a tragedy, for Representative Haskell, the Republican leader, smoked so much and talked so much during its continuance that he died soon afterward.

Mr. W. A. Croft of the geological survey calls attention to a remarkable contest of endurance made in the legislative assembly of Australia a few years ago, which also resulted in a tragedy. A factious minority had carried on its opposition with such ferocity and passion that a member, who had just made a speech 24 hours in length, fell to the floor with a burst blood vessel and died in a few minutes in the legislative chamber. Mr. Croft also cites a case in which a majority of the cortes in old Spain found a way in which to rule the majority. There was a long and wearisome debate, somewhat like that which we have had in the senate, and when fatigue had become unendurable and the minority still persisted a wild bull was led into the hall by the local tesorero, and while the panic which his appearance caused was at its height the majority passed the bill.

**A Night of Combat.**  
One of the most remarkable deadlocks and night sessions known in the house was that over the bill to refund the direct tax a few years ago. It grew out of the refusal of the majority to give General Oates, the one armed fighter from Alabama, and his associates six hours in which to debate. Assisted by General Weaver of Iowa and Clifton Breckinridge of Arkansas, General Oates fought on out the bravest and most successful fight ever seen in the house. For three days and nights he held up the house, and the deadlock was at last broken by the action of a Democratic caucus. He had originally asked for only six hours of debate. The majority gladly gave him three days. It was a notable victory.

Ben Perley Poore gives an account of a night session which occurred during the Van Buren administration: "As midnight approached it was curious to watch the various effects produced by the scene on different temperaments. Some yawned fearfully; others cursed and swore; others shook their sides with merriment; others reasoned and remonstrated with their neighbors; some very composedly stretched themselves upon the sofas, having first borrowed chair cushions enough to support their somnolent heads; others bivouacked on three chairs, while some, not finding other convenient couch, stretched themselves flat on the floor of the house, with perhaps a volume of the laws of the United States as their pillow. Thus rolled away the hours. Candles burned down to their sockets, forming picturesque grotesques of spermaceti as they declined; lamps went out in suffocating fumes. Some insisted on having a window up; others on having it down."

**A Fruitless Night.**  
A memorable all night session was that held just before the war when N. P. Banks was finally elected speaker. It is Mr. Poore who describes that scene in his usual happy manner: "Early in January an attempt was made to 'sit it out,' and all night the house seethed like a boiling caldron. Verdant novices were laughed down as they attempted to make some telling point, while old stagers lay in ambush to spring out armed with 'point of order.' Emancipated conservatives were snubbed by followers of new prophets, belligerent southerners fiercely at daggers with phlegmatic Yankees, one or two intoxicated solons gabbled sillily upon every question and sober clergymen yawned as if asleep and disgusted with political life. Banks, unequalled in his deportment, was as cool as a summer cucumber; Aiken, his principal opponent, was courteous and gentlemanlike to all; Giddings wore a broad brimmed hat to shield his eyes from the rays of the gaschandelier; Stephens of Georgia pinned forth his shrill responses, and Senator Wilson went busily about 'whipping in.'"

"Meanwhile the supply of ham at the eating counter below stairs was exhausted, the oysters were soon after minus, and the who had brought no lunch had to mumble ginger cakes. It was remarked by good judges that as the morning advanced the coffee grew weaker, suggesting a possibility the caterer could not distinguish between cocoa and cold water, and only replenished his boiler with the latter. There were more questions of order, more backing people up to vote, and an increase of confusion. Men declared that they would 'stick,' while they retreated to shift, and as daylight streamed in upon the scene the political gamblers had haggard and careworn countenances. The result of the night's work was no choice.

"At last, after nine long, tedious weeks, the agony was over and Banks was elected."

**Cats and Suicide.**  
Now and then one sees a paragraph describing how a cat committed suicide by getting in front of a street car and letting the wheels go across its neck. A Boston motorman does not believe in the suicide theory. He says it is stupidity and slow thinking that costs the cat her life. "Then animals," he says, "gets confused. You can see that they don't want to get hurt no more nor a man would, but when they sees cars coming both ways, and horses and wagons, and crowds on the sidewalks, and hears the noises, they don't know which way to go. They lose their senses most at night, because the lights seem to scare 'em. Since I've been running a trolley car I've run over half a dozen of 'em, and they all squatted down on the rails. But they didn't mean suicide."

**The Atlantic Ocean's Bed.**  
The floor of the Atlantic ocean is now almost as well known to the experts of the hydrographic bureaus of the world as the surface is to the most experienced navigators. Its depths, currents, tides, etc., have been carefully and systematically studied from Greenland and Spitzbergen to the great ice barriers of the antarctic circle. I recently wrote Professor Forbes for some reliable data on ocean depths and quote below from a portion of his reply: "The general contour of the Atlantic's undulating bed may now be regarded as pretty well determined. \* \* \* Scarcely any portion of its floor has a depth exceeding 80,000 fathoms or about 3½ miles. There is a remarkable exception to this last statement, however, in a wonderful sink or depression lying about 100 miles north of St. Thomas, an island off the coast of Africa in the gulf of Guinea.

"The outlines of this depression are similar to those of an old time river bed. The Challenger expedition traced its meanderings for upward of 1,000 miles, finding portions of it to be more than a mile deeper than the surrounding ocean, making the depth of the Atlantic at those points not less than 4½ miles or about 3,875 fathoms."

—St. Louis Republic.

Giraffes have become very scarce since the dervishes seized the basin of the upper Nile. They were once to be bought for about \$200 each, but now a good giraffe will fetch over \$1,000. The Jardine d'Acclimation at Paris recently refused to sell three young ones for \$2,000.

## GEMS IN VERSE.

**Riley's Charm.**  
What makes the charm of Riley's verse?  
I cannot tell.  
We city poets rhyme no worse,  
But ours won't sell.  
I'm told that direct's the thing  
To help verse out.  
I'm sure that his would duce a bring  
Without.

He lives so near to Nature's heart  
And in accord;  
We dwell from her so wide apart  
And untoward.  
Our songs are like the rich perfume  
Of household flowers;  
His breathe of clover brought to bloom  
By showers.

—J. W. Schwartz.

**The Statistics Fiend.**  
While on our earthly pilgrimage the world has  
many woes for us;  
We struggle on beneath our loads of trouble,  
care and pain,  
But the latest tribulation is the man who al-  
ways goes for us  
With documentary evidence—statistics on  
the brain.

He'll tell within a fraction the exact amount  
of coffee drank  
For thirteen generations back in both the  
hemispheres;  
Whatever else you want to know he'll gladly  
bite you off a chunk  
Of tabulated knowledge that's enough to  
start the tears.

He will tell how many gravestones are export-  
ed by the nation,  
How many pairs of shoestrings and the quan-  
tity of rum,  
And he'll figure in a jiffy the earth's total popu-  
lation  
From the time it was created to the day of  
kingdom come.

Would you know how much tobacco is con-  
sumed in every minute  
How many yards of calico it takes to clothe  
the south?  
Just ask the statistician; he will tell you he is  
"in it."

He performs it with his pencil and proclaims  
it with his mouth.  
He's a daisy with statistics, and if you'd like to  
try for  
A plan of sizing up the man who figures with  
such vim,  
Just set him down and count him one, and  
either after cipher,  
And be sure to place the cipher at the left  
hand side of him.

The time will come when men shall have suf-  
ficiently been goaded  
(And the prayer of many a victim is that it  
may quickly come)  
When there'll be an accidental case of "didn't  
know 'twas loaded,"  
And the fiend will quit his figures in the mid-  
dle of a sum.

—G. B. Torrey.

**Fulfillment.**  
No one fulfills the plan of his creation  
Who cannot say  
That he has led one soul from willful blindness  
Into the day.  
We may not stand on some high mountain  
summit  
With wisdom crowned  
And see a brother lie in lunatic weakness  
Low on the ground.  
We cannot reach the blessed land of promise  
By one swift flight,  
But step by step, not halting in our weakness,  
We reach the light.

If we but make a ladder of our failings  
And round by round  
Climb up, a helping hand outstretching,  
Rest will be found.  
Our welcome will be warmer at the ending  
If it be known  
That we have helped some struggling, fainting  
brother  
To stand alone.

—Florence O. Jones.

**The Ox Team.**  
I sit upon my ox team, calm,  
Beneath the lazy sky,  
And crawl contented through the land  
And let the world go by.  
The thoughtful ox has learned to wait  
And nervous impulse smother  
And ponder long before he puts  
One foot before the other.

And men with spanking teams pass by  
And dash upon their way  
As if it were their hope to find  
The world's end in a day.  
And men dash by in palace cars;  
On me dark frowns they cast  
As the lightning driven Present trowns  
Upon the slow old Past.

Why do they chase, these men of steam,  
Their smoke flags wide and flung,  
Pulled by the roaring fire fiend  
That shakes the reeling world?  
What do ye seek, ye men of steam,  
So wild and mad you grow?  
Is this—the railroad line  
That leads to happiness?

And when you've swept across the day  
And dashed across the night  
Is there some station through the hills  
Where men can find delight?  
Ah, toward the depot of Content,  
Where no red signals strain,  
I go by ox team just as quick  
As you can go by steam!

—S. W. Foss.

**Our Only Day.**  
Were this our only day—  
Did not our yesterday and tomorrow give  
To hope and memory their interplay—  
How should we bear to live?  
Not merely what we are,  
But what we were and what we are to be  
Make up our life—the near days each a star.  
The far days no more!

At once would love forget  
Its keen pursuits and coy delays of bliss  
And its delicious pangs of fond regret  
Were there no day but this.  
And who, to win a friend,  
Would to the secrets of his heart invite  
A fellowship that should begin and end  
Between a night and night?

Who, too, would pause to prate  
Of insult or remember slight or scorn;  
Who would this night lie down to sleep with  
hate.  
Were there to be no more?  
Who would take heed to wrong,  
To misery's complaint or pity's call,  
The long wall of the weak against the strong.  
If this one day were all?

And what were wealth with shame,  
The vanity of office, pride of caste,  
The winy sparkle of the bubble fame,  
If this day were the last?  
Aye, what were all days worth  
Were there no looking backward or before—  
If every human life that drops to earth  
Were lost forevermore!

But each day is a link  
Of days that pass and never pass away;  
For memory and hope—to live, to think—  
Each is our only day.

—Coates Kinney.

**Justice.**  
Just why it happens to be well  
I cannot tell.  
If I am a story chance to tell  
I really cannot see,  
For every night when bedtime's come,  
And yonder lamp grows dim,  
My papa tells me lots of 'em,  
And nobody spans him.

—Carlyle Smith.

But try, I urge—the trying shall suffice.  
The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life.  
—Browning.

WHY  
YOU  
WANT  
THE  
"STAR!"

“A NEWSPAPER IS A NECESSITY to every person in the community—man, woman or child—who is able to read and who desires to keep in touch with the spirit of this progressive age and wishes to be posted as to events of interest which are continually happening at home and abroad, on land and sea.”

The STAR is a new paper and has introduced Californian methods of journalism into Hawaii, where, before its advent, the Massachusetts newspaper traditions of 1824 held sway. It has three prime objects:

★ To support the cause of Annexation of Hawaii to the United States and assist all other movements, political, social or religious, which are of benefit to these Islands and their people.

To print all the news of its parish without fear or favor, telling what goes on with freshness and accuracy, suppressing nothing which the public has the right to know.

★ To make itself indispensable to the family circle by a wise selection of miscellaneous reading matter.

★ As a commentator the STAR has never been accused of unworthy motives.

As a reporter the STAR has left no field of local interest ungleaned.

As a friend of good government the STAR has been instant in service and quick to reach results.

As an advertising medium the STAR, from the week of its birth, has been able to reach the best classes of people on all the Islands.

★ Compare the daily table of contents with that of any other evening journal in Honolulu—

## The "STAR" Is

50 Cents

A Month

In Advance.

## HONOLULU IRON WORKS,

STEAM ENGINES SUGAR MILLS, BOILERS,  
COOLERS, IRON, BRASS, AND LEAD  
CASTINGS.Machinery of Every Description Made to  
Order. Particular attention paid to Ships'  
Blacksmithing. Job work executed at Short  
Notice.

## General Advertisements.

CASTLE & COOKE,  
Importers and Commission Merchants.

## General Advertisements.

HARDWARE, Builders and General,  
always up to the times in quality, styles and prices.

Plantations Supplies,

a full assortment to suit the various demands.

Steel Plows,

made expressly for Island work with extra parts.

CULTIVATORS' CANE KNIVES.

Agricultural Implements,

Axes, Shovels, Mattocks, etc., etc.

Carpenters', Blacksmiths'

and Machinists' Tools,

Screw Plates, Taps and Dies, Twist Drills,

Paints and Oils, Brushes, Glass,

Asbestos Hair Felt and Felt Mixture.

Blakes' Steam Pumps,

Weston's Centrifugals.

SEWING MACHINES.

Wilcox &amp; Gibbs, and Remington.

Lubricating Oils, in quality and efficiency surpassed  
by none.

General Merchandise,

it is not possible to list everything we have; if there is anything  
you want, come and ask for it, you will be politely treated.  
No trouble to show goods.

## HENRY DAVIS &amp; Co.,

52 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

## GROCCERS AND PROVISION DEALERS

Purveyors to the United States Navy and Provisioners of War Vessels.

FAMILY GROCERIES. TABLE LUXURIES. ICE HOUSE DELICACIES

Coffee Roasters and Tea Dealers.

## Island Produce a Specialty

FRESH BUTTER AND EGGS.

We are Agents and First Handlers of Maui Potatoes,

AND SELL AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.

P. O. Box 505.

Both Telephones Number 130.

## For the Volcano!

Nature's Grandest Wonder.

## The Popular and Scenic Route

—IS BY THE—

## Wilder's Steamship Company's

A1 STEAMER KINAU,

Fitted with Electric Light, Electric Bells, Courteous and Attentive Service

VIA HILO:

The Kinau Leaves Honolulu Every 10 Days,

TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS,

Arriving at Hilo Thursday and unday Morning;

From Hilo to the Volcano—36 Miles,

Passengers are Conveyed in Carriages,

Over a SPLENDID MACADAMIZED ROAD, running most of the  
way through a Dense Tropical Forest—a ride alone worth the  
trip.

ABSENT FROM HONOLULU 7 DAYS!

—TICKETS—

Including All Expenses,

For the Round Trip, : : Fifty Dollars.

For Further Information, CALL AT THE OFFICE,  
Corner Fort and Queen Streets.